



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those expiring at the end of the present month will please have the remittances made in time.

THE NEWSBOYS AT HOME.

It was a piercing cold night. The icy north wind searched out every weak spot in the clothing of the few who, called by pleasure or business, ventured on the streets. It was the kind of night on which those inside their warm rooms instinctively shiver as they think of the terrors of the streets. The windows were covered with beautiful patterns, frosted by the icy hand of the terrible north wind. The street lamps shone dim through the sparkling fog of frost which enshrouded them.

It was on this night that a gentleman walking, or rather slipping, the usual mode of progression in winter, down Beaver Hall Hill, in the city of Montreal, was buttoning his coat tighter as he reached the corner of Lagacière street, where the wind seemed to have greater force than anywhere else, when he heard a feeble, timid voice:

"Won't you buy a paper, sir? It's very cold, won't you buy them all sir? I can't go home unless I sell them."

The gentleman stopped at once, and found that the voice came from a shivering little girl, clothed so as to afford but little protection from the weather. He stooped down to her, and noticing her blue, pinched face and chattering teeth, made enquiries, from which he learned that she was compelled to sell papers for those who cruelly used her, with whom she lived. He took her into a shop near by, where she was thoroughly warmed and plenty given her to eat, her papers purchased, and she was sent to the place called her home, happy for once.

But this was not a newsboy, some of the *Messenger's* readers may say. That may be very true in one sense, but the newsboys are not all boys; there are old and middle-aged men amongst those who are called newsboys. The daily papers often occupy a prominent place on apple and candy stands, during the summer months, and these are usually kept by women, and, alas! only too often little girls, clad so as to be afforded very little protection from the biting winds of this wintry city, stand speaking timidly to the passers-by, "Please, sir, do buy a paper." But these are the exceptions. Generally it is boys who sell the newspapers on the streets.

These boys are generally sharp-witted and ready for any amount of mischief. They need to be the former for their lot is by no means an easy one. If they were as a rule frugal, they would, on the whole, be comparatively well off, for they make from twenty cents to a dollar and a half a day. But frugality is the exception amongst them. Money with them, as with other young people, seems to turn a hole in their pockets, and it is spent almost as

fast as it is earned—not on useful things either, but on candies, apples and other eatables. The result is that most of them are always hard up in the midst of plenty.

Others are differently situated. Their money goes to their relatives, who sometimes are not of the best character. These spend it for them, and they are little or no better than slaves, like the little girl first referred to. In winter they live in filthy hovels; in summer find their resting-places in barrels or in nooks and corners of all kinds. This mode of living is not advantageous to moral improvement; and it is little wonder that they frequently find themselves in the policeman's clutches, and usually spend some years of their lives in the reformatories for the young. There is no other

vice, but found that his disease got no better, but his profits were greatly decreased. He subsequently engaged an associate to hold his papers for him, while he did the selling and collected the money. He has many friends who assist him in his business, and at the present time has some two thousand dollars in the bank.

The publishers of the *Witness* every year collect their newsboys together and give them a supper and entertainment of some kind. This all parties concerned enjoy greatly, and the boys are not slow in expressing their thanks.

They are not, as a rule, as good-looking as the interesting boy of whom a picture is given, being generally ill clothed and sometimes of a

work, generally, is to thrash about one-half dozen of the scholars, and my method is varied.

Give the name of the author of the Declaration of Independence and the name of the body that issued it. Ans.—John Hancock.

What are the four prominent methods of teaching beginners to read? Ans.—To endeavor to make your own feelings and sentiments the same as the author.

Give the source of the Mississippi river. Ans.—It flows from its source to its mouth.

Decline ox. Ans.—Pos, ox; cam, better ox; super, best ox.

What is cancellation? Ans.—A short operation of performing examples.

Give your plan of a daily recitation in reading. Ans.—Form class in row, standing with book in left hand.

What is climate, and on what does it depend? Ans.—Is pure or impure air, and depends upon the condition of water, upon the ground, upon vegetation and upon the culture of the ground.

Another answer to the same is follows: The climate is cold in the north and east, generally temperate and healthful in the middle and west, and warm in the south; it depends on social, political and commercial importance.

What is a sentence? Ans.—A line of words from one period to another.

What words should be emphasized in a sentence? Ans.—The most emphatic words.

Describe the heart. Ans.—The heart is a conical shape and situated between the right and left ventricle.

Name ten of the largest countries in Europe. Ans.—Italy, England, Russia, Prussia, Germany, Portugal, etc.

What form of government has Russia? Ans.—A despotic form of government.

HOW THE LITTLE BOYS MADE CHALK.

First I must tell you that these little boys who made the chalk all go to the same school. They are between eight and ten years of age, and there are only nine of them.

One day their teacher read to them something about chalk—how that it is formed from lime and a gas; then she told them that every time we breathe the same kind of gas that helps to form chalk comes out of our lungs and is carried away into the air with our breath. Now, if we breathe into lime-water, what happens? The lime is changed. The gas in our breath turns the lime into chalk. And now we come to the way by which the children made themselves sure of this.

Miss May got some lumps of lime, such as you have seen men use to make mortar, and put them into a large bottle of water. The lumps crumbled and fell into powder, and mixed with the water. This formed the lime-water. After it had stood a while most of the lime went to the bottom of the bottle, leaving the water looking very clear; but some little bits of the lime stayed with the water, though they were so small they could not be seen.



"OUR" CIVIL SERVICE.

class. These are honest children of honest parents who, of necessity, are compelled to earn a little money by selling papers. Their lot is a hard one, but they are generally not long in making a change in the mode of living. There is yet one class more: those who are enterprising and frugal and enter into the business to make money.

An interesting instance of the latter class lately came to notice. It was of a boy named Fitzpatrick. He was well-known in Montreal because of his being subject to epileptic fits. He was a good Roman Catholic, and having occasion to go to his priest was told that he could never get over his disease unless he gave up selling the *Witness*. He followed this ad-

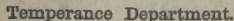
visory appearance. But underneath their ragged vests often beat sturdy, honest, faithful hearts, and sometimes from their ranks there rise men whose careers are of honor and usefulness.

WHO CAN BEAT THIS?

NATIVE CIVIL SERVICE is not monopolized by Canadian candidates for certificates. The following answers were given at a late examination in one of the counties of Iowa:

With what country did we carry on the war of the Revolution? Ans.—Africa.

What is the first work to be performed on taking charge of a school, and what is your method of performing it? Ans.—My first



ONLY A LITTLE ALE

A DEADLY CURE

HE DRINKS.

Agricultural Department.

TREATMENT OF LAND.

The question of a right treatment of land is one which should receive more attention from farmers than it does at present. It is, in a large measure, success in raising good crops. No land that is ill-treated ever yet produced well, no more than ill-treated stock will thrive, increase and fatten. As the object in treating land well is keeping up its producing capacity, I will mention, first, as a means to this end, plowing it in the right stage. Land to be kept lively, should never, in any case, be plowed wet. If plowed in this condition it will become cloddy and deprived of much of its life-giving properties. Especially will this be the case if dry weather follows. The right stage and time to plow land is when it is sufficiently dry to crumble up nicely when turned over.

Again, land should not only not be plowed when wet, but should not be disturbed in any way, either by weeding, or cutting or allowing stock to run upon it in this condition. Far better had the farmer lay idle from his plowing for a few days, and in the case of his stock, provide himself with a little rougher ground in the fall so as to be prepared to remove them from the fields when wet weather prevails.

Next, as an essential means of keeping up the producing capacity of the land, is that of interchange of crops and manuring. No land, however rich and productive it may be, will remain so, that is successively run in the same crop. To rightly keep up land, crops should be frequently changed, without which, the material is possible to place upon them. How much might this latter means be enlarged and applied if farmers would only take the time to do so. But the plan and the way, it is impossible to make a general use of manure as the area requiring it far exceeds the manure on hand. True, the supply is often less than the need, but it is really needed, but use this and observe this rule in its application: Go as far as possible with each year's supply to give a good coating. Next year begin where you left off the previous year, and apply it to the same way. Keep up this plan and you will be surprised to see in three or four years how much land you will have manured, while you will be doubly compensated in the large yield of the land thus treated.

There are other methods of keeping up land that might be very profitably applied. But none of these methods would be willing to substitute for manuring, but would rather combine them with it. If this was more generally practiced by farmers, what a different aspect would the farming interest present in the way of good crops!

Many farmers complain that their land is becoming unproductive and refuses to yield even a comfortable living. Why this complaint? Is it not because they have neglected to properly care for it? Nature is not so rich in itself but what a constant drain upon it, without some source of renewal, will direct it of its life-giving properties. Just so has it been with many farmers. They have been robbing their land and otherwise imposing upon it, until it refuses to do the work which nature has allotted it.

There are many reasons why farmers should give more attention to the treatment of their land. One is that much of our Western lands are, from long period of cultivation, becoming old and worn, and require to be renewed, while in all the first settled sections of the West population has become very dense, and the land brought farming to its smaller traces. Another reason is, we have reached a period of great financial embarrassment in our country's history in consequence of which farm products of all kinds have become very low, even so low that little more than a comfortable living can be made by the greatest industry. These things, and many other things, lead farmers to place their lands in that stage of production in which the greatest possible yields can be obtained. This will create larger incomes from the farming interest and assist largely in correcting the evils which the present hard times have brought about.

No farmer that treats his farm well and is truly diligent and painstaking in all things, need ever be poor, and in prosperous times accumulate. His farm once paid for, even though it be small, properly managed and kept up, is a mine in itself. But that this happy condition may always characterize the farmer, every source of care and renewal possible must be bestowed upon his land. This is

a matter of the very first importance. The few rewards of good yields and fair profits that are made when this attention is given, vary markedly from land in its fresh or original state, and never in any case from land that has been long cultivated.—J. W. M., in Prairie Farmer.

STOCK FEEDING BY SMALL FARMERS.

About all farmers in this country annually fatten at least a few pigs. But very many farmers who have but 40, or 80, or 100 acres feel they cannot successfully connect in cattle feeding with the large farmer, and unquestionably the farmer who has but a lot of 50 or 100 acres has some marked advantages in caring for and feeding them over the man with one, or two, or half a dozen. The work can often be done to much better advantage and much less time in proportion to number, with the large lot. When ready for market the owner of the half-dozen car-loads of steers can choose his market and receive reasonable shipping rates. Often, too, a large part of what they eat would be wasted were it not for them. The pasture may often carry the extra steer or two, and yet give grass enough for the cows, and so of the stock feed or the stock stock. What is of even more importance, as affecting the profit, is that while the labor of feeding the small number may really be greater in proportion than in the case of a large number, it really is often done at least, because the work is just so much done in addition to what would otherwise be accomplished. A farmer will add the feeding of a half-dozen steers to his usual "chores," and do without fatigue or loss of time. Another very important consideration is found in the fact that the average farmer can give much better attention in the way of shelter and protection, and also in variety of food, to his half-dozen steers—thereby securing a larger percentage of gain to food consumed—than is often practicable for the great feeder who numbers his cattle by the hundreds.

These points, at first thought, are not of great importance; but they are well worth thinking about by those who have but small places. Observation will convince us that, in a good many cases, the reason for superior success of one such farmer over that reached by his neighbor, is that he is not content to stop with his ordinary "regular" work, but adds to this a number of little things, from each of which he makes some money.

It is always that the home market is not a good one. At the worst, it is easily reached and can be watched so as to receive the benefit of a rise in price.

The prices of half a dozen good steers will make a handsome addition to the yearly receipts of a small farmer, and in the large majority of cases we believe it will be a considerably larger sum than would have been obtained from that part of their food which would have been sold had the steers not been kept.—National Live Stock Journal.

ARTIFICIAL FATTENING.

The fattening of fowls for market has for a long time occupied the attention of poultry men in this country, but while nearly every known natural process for making the birds take on flesh has been put in practice, little or no regard has ever, I believe, been paid to the use of artificial means for the purpose of bringing about easier and more rapid results. In France and some other countries on the continent of Europe, the fattening of poultry has for years been a study, until it has been reduced almost to a science. Nature is assisted in her work without any mechanical aid, and many curious and ingenious instruments for feeding the birds have been invented. Probably one of the most simple as well as the most effectual of these machines, is now in successful operation for very little cost, and is the work of a gentleman near Paris. It is constructed in the form of a small rubber pipe about four feet in length, one end of which is attached to a little pump, while the other is placed in a vessel containing the food which is in a liquid form. The fowls are put in a large coop or cage, which is separated into compartments holding only one bird each, room enough being allowed for very little exercise. It is ascertained by experiment just how much food each fowl can comfortably digest, and the amount is marked on the coop under each division. The food, consisting of a mixture of

Indian meal, barley meal, milk and water, is put into the machine, which is rolled up in front of the nest by means of a light truck, and the operator, opening the bird's mouth, inserts the tube and gently pumps the food into the crop. A small bell being rung when a sufficient quantity has been introduced. A skillful operator will feed about 60 fowls an hour, and perform the work neatly and without cruelty. After having been fed in this manner for a few times, the fowls become very tractable, and rather seem to enjoy the operation. The time required to fatten poultry treated as above, is from fifteen to twenty days, according to age and previous condition.—Exchange.

RECLAIMING FARMS.

In building up an unprofitable farm, the first aim should be to stop the process of running down; to make it pay first, or expense, and then a slight, yet increasing profit, and to this end both thought and labor must be directed. No matter how cheaply the farm has been living, if it is possible to reduce its expenses, it will pay. Cut everything except plain food, coarse, warm clothes, a single newspaper. Raise your own vegetables, and save on the meat bill. Pay cash as you go. Everything must be kept in the cash. The whole credit system is a delusion and a snare. Enlist the energies and whole nature of each and every member of the family in the one great effort to save the farm, the home. Be proud of your own economy; even study the economies of other men. Keep a strict and honest account with everything about the farm, so that you know exactly how you stand. It is the most important of all. Every successful farmer keeps strict accounts. The value of account books on a farm is not so much (as many suppose) to merely show what is received and what is spent, but to show exactly which field or which crop paid best and where losses were incurred, or too small profits received. The direct bearing of such knowledge on the successful conduct of a farm may be easily understood.

On every farm, but especially on one which is doing poorly, there must be a scrupulous saving of all mutual substances. Barn-yard manure, decayed animal or vegetable matter, refuse of every description, and all stored up in waste places, last-mould heaped from the deep ravines, all these must be utilized, and their effects will soon be evident.—San Francisco Bulletin.

RUPTURING CELLS BY FREEZING.

Dr. de Vries is led to believe that in the freezing of plants ice is formed in the interstices or intercellular spaces, and not in the cells themselves, and that the bursting of the wall is impossible. If this is so, as he claims, that kills, but the thawing out, a thing long known. The difficulty is to so thaw plants as to preserve their integrity. If ruptured, they will not take place, and may remain alive upon being properly thawed out in the dark, and in a close atmosphere. That trees do survive that have been frozen to the heart, and so solidly as to cause their trunks to break with a loud report, is well known. The fact is that a certain amount of freezing will kill any tree, and the death point varies with the species, and so does their ability to withstand the freezing of the juices. If frozen to a sufficient degree, the cells burst, and in this case it is hardly probable that the plant will survive, however carefully the thawing may be done. That it may be done in many cases, every nurseryman knows, and hence directions are given in such cases. Thawing by burying in moist earth is one of the most practical means known, and in the case of tender plants partially frozen, the thawing with close place will be the best, or better, immersion in water at about 45 degrees, just as the plants begin to show signs of thawing.—Ee.

A FARMER, writing to a leading American agricultural paper, asked the question which will also prove interesting to Canadian farmers:—"What is the relative value of corn meal (for steers fed in the stable to corn in the field out of doory), or, in other words, how much corn is on the cob worth (to fatten cattle fed as above stated) to corn meal; and will hogs do as well after cattle fed meal as the corn?" The following reply was given him: We cannot find concise statistics showing clearly the absolute gain or loss. At the Industrial University, some three years ago, the steers fed out of doory on whole corn, as against those fed on meal, made the best gains. Hogs will not do as well after cattle fed on corn meal as when the cattle are fed on whole corn. The hogs pick up the whole corn dropped undigested, or only partially so.

How to KILL CANADA THREES.—If the being a tree from stump, roots, or stumps, through summer fallow will do it, followed by a good crop kept perfectly clean. When the land is full of stumps or roots, it is difficult to totally eradicate them, since the roots

find a lodgement beneath. If the tops be not allowed to appear above ground during one season, the thistles will be killed.

DOMESTIC.

SOUP, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

The value of soup as food cannot be over-estimated. In times of severity and distress, when the question of food is the most important, the largest number of persons upon the least quantity of food, the aliment chosen has always been soup. There are two reasons for this: first, by the addition of water to the ingredients, the value of the food is increased; and second, we gain that sense of repletion to the satisfaction of hunger—the last being acknowledged that the sensation we call hunger is often allayed by the presence of even insubstantial substance in the stomach.

Good soup is literally the juice of any ingredients from which it is made. It is made of the meat, grains, or vegetables composing it. The most economical soups, eaten with bread, will satisfy the hunger of the hardest worker. The absolute nutritive value of soup depends, of course, upon its ingredients; and these can easily be chosen in reference to the maintenance of health. For instance, the pot-luque in which meat is boiled, and the only addition of a few dumplings or cereals, and seasoning, to form a perfect nutriment. That produced from skin and bones can be made equally palatable and nutritious by boiling with it a few vegetables, such as carrots, and some rice, barley, or oatmeal. Even the gelatinous residue produced by long-continued boiling, without the presence of any foreign matter, is a useful emulsion applicable to the indurated muscles of the aged and infirm, while it affords at the same time the degree of distention necessary to prevent flatulency.

The time required to make the most palatable and nutritious soup is short. Least needs should be chopped fine, placed in cold water, in the proportion of a pint to each pound, slowly heated, and thoroughly skimmed. Five minutes boiling will extract from the meat every particle of its nutritive value and flavor. The liquor can then be strained off, seasoned, and eaten with bread, biscuits and vegetables. Peas or beans boiled and added to the soup make it the perfect food for feeble health and strength. It is the pure juice of the meat and contains all its savory and life-giving principles.

If the family is large, it will be well to keep a clean saucepan or pot on the back of the stove to receive all the clean scraps of meat, bones, and remains of poultry and game, which are found in every kitchen; but vegetables should not be put into it, as they will spoil. The proper proportions of soup are one pound of meat and bone, to one and a half quarts of cold water; the meat and bones to be well chopped and broken up, and put over the fire in cold water, and when boiling add a salt, and carefully skimmed as often as any scum rises; and being maintained at a steady boil from two to six hours, as time permits; a one hour boiling will be sufficient for one carrot and one turnip per one, one onion stuck with three cloves, and a bouquet of sweet herbs.

When soup is boiled six hours allow two quarts of water to every pound of meat, and see that the pot boils slowly and regularly, and is well skimmed. To keep soup from one meal to another, or over night, put it into an earthen pot, or bowl, because it will turn, by being allowed to remain in the metal pot.—Juliet Corson.

Juliet Corson.

ORDER.—Order is the key to comfort in the home, and not only that, but it has everything to do with the happiness of the family. If things can never be found in their right places when wanted, if the house is full of garbage, the children's playthings, the old garments are jumbled promiscuously into one closet; if the napkins and tablecloths repose among the china, and the knives and forks have no settled abiding place, but depend upon it for food and life—order will be provoked continually. One of the first and easiest lessons for a child is orderliness, and if rightly taught it soon becomes a confirmed habit, and a source of pleasure. But if we would make our children orderly we must see that they have a place in which to put everything, or all our teaching will be thrown away. Then having assigned a proper place to each of the children's belongings, require that they return each to its place when not in use, and you will save yourself many weary steps, besides laying the foundation of methodical habits, which, once formed, will never be forgotten. Of course, there is a decided difference in children—one is naturally careless and requires constant admonition, while another develops orderliness from a free from stumps, roots, or stumps, through summer fallow will do it, followed by a good crop kept perfectly clean. When the land is full of stumps or roots, it is difficult to totally eradicate them, since the roots

SAVED AT SEA.—A LIGHT-HOUSE STORY.

By the Author of "Christie's Old Organ," "Little Dot," etc.

CHAP. III.—(Continued.)

For some time we battled with the waves, unwilling to relinquish all hope of saving some of them. But we found at last that it was of no use, and we were obliged to return.

All had perished, except the child lying at my feet. I stooped down to it, and could hear that it was crying, but it was so tightly tied up in a blanket, that I could not see it nor release it.

We had to strain every nerve to reach the lighthouse. It was not so hard returning as going, for the wind was in our favor, but the sea was still strong, and we were often in great danger. I kept my eye fixed on the lighthouse lamps, and steered the boat as straight as I could. Oh! how thankful we were to see those friendly lights growing nearer! And at last the pier came in sight, and Mrs. Millar still standing there watching us.

"Have you got none of them?" she said, as we came up the steps.

"Nothing but a child," said my grandfather, sadly. "One small child, that's all. Well, we did our best, Jem, my lad."

Jem was following my grandfather, with the oars over his shoulder. I came last, with that little bundle in my arms.

The child had stopped crying now, and seemed to be asleep, it was so still. Mrs. Millar wanted to take it from me, and to undo the blanket but my grandfather said, "Bide your time, Mary; bring the child into the house, my lass, it's bitter cold out here."

So we all went up through the field, and through our garden and the court. The blanket was tightly fastened round the child, except at the top, where room had been left for it to breathe, and I could just see a little nose and two closed eyes, as I peeped in at the opening.

The bundle was a good weight, and before I reached the house, I was glad of Mrs. Millar's help to carry it. We came into our little kitchen, and Mrs. Millar took the child on her knee, and unfastened the blanket.

"Bless her," she said, as her tears fell fast, "it's a little girl!"

"Ay," said my grandfather, "so it is; it's a bonnie wee lassie!"

CHAP. IV.—LITTLE TIMPEY.

I do not think I ever have seen a prettier face than that child's. She had light brown hair, and round rosy cheeks, and the bluest of blue eyes.

She awoke as we were looking at her, and seeing herself amongst strangers, she cried bitterly.

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Millar. "She wants her mother."

"Mam—ma Mam—ma!" cried

the little girl, as she caught the word.

Mrs. Millar fairly broke down at this, and sobbed and cried as much as the child.

"Come, my lass," said her husband, "cheer up! Thee'll make her worse, if thee takes on so."

But Mrs. Millar could do nothing but cry. "Just think if it was our Polly," was all that she could say. "Oh, Jem, just think if it was our Polly that was calling for me!"

My grandfather took the child from her, and put her on my knee. "Now, Mary," he said "get us a bit of fire and something to eat, there's a good woman! The child's cold and hungred, and we're much about the same ourselves."

Mrs. Millar bustled about the house, and soon lighted a blazing fire; then she ran in next door to see if her children, whom she had left with a little servant girl, were all right, and she brought back with her some cold meat for our breakfast.

I sat down on a stool before the fire, with the child on my knee. She seemed to be about two years old, a strong, healthy little thing. She had stopped crying now, and did not seem to be afraid of me, but whenever any one of the others came near she hid her face in my shoulder.

Mrs. Millar brought her a basin of bread and milk, and she let me feed her.

She seemed very weary and sleepy, as if she could hardly keep her eyes open. "Poor wee lassie!" said my grandfather; "I expect they pulled her out of her bed to bring her on deck. Won't you put her to bed, Mrs. Millar?"

"Yes," she said, "I'll put her in our Polly's bed; she'll sleep there quite nice, she will."

But the child clung to me, and cried so loudly when Mrs. Millar tried to take her that my grandfather said:

"I wouldn't take her away, poor motherless lamb; she takes kindly to Alick; let her bide here." So we made up a little bed for her on the sofa, and Mrs. Millar brought one of little Polly's night-gowns, and undressed and washed her, and put her to bed.

The child was still very shy of all of them but me. She seemed to have taken to me from the first, and when she was put into her little bed, she held out her tiny hand to me and said:

"Handie, Timpey's handie."

"What does she say? bless her!" said Mrs. Millar, for it was almost the first time that the child had spoken.

"She wants me to hold her little hand," I said, "Timpey's little hand. Timpey must be her name!"

"I never heard of such a name," said Mrs. Millar. "Timpey, did you say?"

"What do they call you, darling?" she said to the child.

But the little blue eyes were closing wearily, and very soon the child was asleep. I still held that tiny hand in mine as I sat beside her, I was afraid of waking her by putting it down.

"I wonder who she is!" said Mrs. Millar in a whisper, as she folded up her little clothes. "She has beautiful things on to be sure! She has been well taken care of, anyhow! Stop, here's something written on the little petticoat; can you make it out, Alick?"

I laid down the little hand very carefully, and took the tiny petticoat to the window.

"Yes," I said, "this will be her name. Here's *Villiers* written on it."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Millar. "Yes, that will be her name! Dear me, dear me, to think of her poor father and mother at the bottom of that dreadful sea! Just think if it was our Polly!" And then Mrs. Millar cried so much again, that she was obliged to go home and finish her cry, with her little Polly clasped tightly in her arms.

My grandfather was very worn out with all he had done during the night, and went upstairs to bed. I sat watching the little sleeping child. I felt as if I could not leave her.

She slept very quietly and peacefully. Poor little pet, how little she knows what has happened, I thought, and my tears came fast, and fell on the little fat hand which was lying on the pillow. But after a few minutes I leaned my head against the sofa and fell fast asleep. I had no sleep the night before, and was quite worn out.

I was awakened, some hours after, by some one pulling my hair, and a little voice calling in my ear, "Up! up, boy! up! up!"

I looked up, and saw a little roguish face looking at me; the merriest, brightest little face you can imagine.

"Up, up, boy, please!" she said again, in a coaxing voice.

So I lifted up my head, and she climbed out of her little bed on the sofa on to my knee.

"Put shoes on, boy," she said, holding out her little bare toes.

I put on her shoes and stockings, and then Mrs. Millar came in and dressed her.

It was a lovely afternoon; the storm had ceased whilst we had been asleep, and the sun was shining brightly. I got the dinner ready, and the child watched me, and ran backwards and forwards, up and down the kitchen. She seemed quite at home now, and very happy.

My grandfather was still asleep, so I did not wake him. Mrs. Millar brought in some broth she had made for the child, and we dined together. I wanted to feed her as I did the night before, but she said:

"Timpey have poon, please!"

and took the spoon from me, and fed herself so prettily, I could not help watching her.

"God bless her, poor little thing!" said Mrs. Millar.

"God bless ou," said the child; the words were evidently familiar to her.

"She must have heard her mother say so," said Mrs. Millar, in a choking voice.

When we had finished dinner, the child slipped down from her stool, and ran to the sofa. Here she found my grandfather's hat, which she put on her head, and my scarf, which she hung round her neck. Then she marched to the door and said, "Tatta, tatta; Timpey go tatta."

"Take her out a bit, Alick," said Mrs. Millar. "Stop a minute, though, I'll fetch her Polly's hood." So, to her great delight, we dressed her in Polly's hood, and put a warm shawl round her, and I took her out.

Oh! how she ran, and jumped, and played in the garden. I never saw such a merry little thing. Now she was picking up stones, now she was gathering daisies ("days-days" she called them), now she was running down the path and calling to me to catch her. She was never still a single instant!

But every now and then, as I was playing with her, I looked across the sea to Ainslie Crag. The sea had not gone down much, though the wind had ceased, and I saw the waves still dashing wildly upon the rocks.

And I thought of what lay beneath them, of the shattered ship, and of the child's mother. Oh! if she only knew, I thought, as I listened to her merry laugh, which made me more ready to cry than her tears had done.

CHAP. V.—THE UNCLAIMED SUN-BEAM.

My grandfather, and Jem Millar were sitting over the fire in the little watch-room in the lighthouse tower, and I sat beside them with the child on my knee. I had found an old picture-book for her, and she was turning over the leaves, and making her funny little remarks on the pictures.

"Well, surely," said Millar, "what shall we do with her?"

"Do with her?" said my grandfather, stroking her little fair head. "We'll keep her! Won't we little lassie?"

"Yes," said the child, looking up and nodding her head, as if she understood all about it.

"We ought to look up some of her relations, it seems to me," said Jem. "She's sure to hve some, somewhere."

"And how are we to find out?" asked my grandfather.

"Oh, the captain can soon make out for us what ship is missing, and we can send a line to the owners; they'll know who the passengers was."

(To be Continued.)

JACK THE CONQUEROR; Or, Difficulties Overcome.

BY MRS. C. E. BOWEN.

(From Children's Friend.)

CHAP. X.—(Continued.)

"I will give you five shillings and sixpence," said she. "You shall have good pay for this one to encourage you to go on."

Jack's eyes sparkled. Mrs. Sutton knew why; though he did not tell her what he intended to do with the money, which had so far exceeded his expectations.

His well-patched clothes were not lost on her. She desired her maid to search for a suit outgrown by her own boy, and these she gave him to take home. She also gave him an order for some more baskets, telling him he might be as long as he liked making them; for she was aware his time would be much more fully employed than hitherto, when he began to go to school.

Jack left the hall a very happy boy. He was wholly unconscious of the favorable impression he had made on his new friends, and of the value they might be to him hereafter. But he was charmed with his new suit, which would enable him to appear as well dressed as any boy in the village, and would prevent the necessity of his lying in bed again whilst some fresh repairs, meditated by Jenny, were effected on his old ones. There was now no hindrance to his going to school at once. The money Mrs. Sutton had given for the cage would pay for some time; he could not rest contented without knowing for how long. But this was a work of some difficulty to a boy who had never learnt his multiplication or pence-table. Still, even here he would not be overcome for want of trying. He collected together a heap of stones by the roadside, and then divided and subdivided them into imaginary shillings and pence. He knew that twelve pennies make one shilling, and this piece of knowledge enabled him to form an ingenious calculation by the help of his stones, which showed that he had sufficient money to pay his schooling for six months, by the end of which time he would have plenty more, probably.

Before he went home he paid a visit to old Jenny, and gave her his five shillings and sixpence to add to the fifteenpence she already had for him. The good woman had greatly rejoiced over the success of his interview with the Squire.

"Honesty is always the best policy," said she. "Had you taken them willows you would never have dared ask the lady to buy your baskets, lest you should be found out; and now you've got not only willows, but orders as well. Thank God, Jack, that He

has helped you to be an honest lad."

CHAPTER XI.

Bushgrove was but a hamlet attached to the larger village of Repton, about half a mile distant. Here there was an excellent National school, with a superior master; one who had the well-doing of the children greatly at heart, but to whom it was a constant disappointment that, as soon as the boys were beginning to feel an interest in their own advancement, they were taken from him to work in the quarries. It was seldom he could keep them beyond the age of twelve years at the furthest, and a strong, well-grown boy would be taken away sooner.

Two days after Jack's visit to the Hall, as Mr. Hartley, the school-master, was looking over some copy-books in the empty school-room, after the dismissal of the children, he heard a tap at the door, and in walked our friend Jack, dressed in his new suit, and with a smile on his face. Jenny had made a few alterations in it, so that it fitted him well, and his general appearance was that of great respectability. His aunt had not kept her promise of buying him a new hat; but Mrs. Naylor had a great harvest of apples this year, and had sold them so well last market-day, that she resolved Jack should reap some of the benefit. So she went to a shop and bought him a nice black-cloth cap. Mary had some white collars in anticipation of his going to school, and also a neat little necktie. She was beginning to feel proud of her pupil, whose progress in reading did both her and himself credit. She was very anxious that his appearance should be equal to that of the other boys.

Dressed as he was to-day, he was not only equal but superior, for Jack's habits of thought, and his natural intelligence of mind, had given an expression almost of refinement to his features.

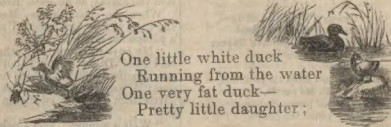
Mr. Hartley looked at him with no small interest, as the boy explained that he wished to begin and come to school; and taking six shillings from his pocket, he laid it on the table, and said that was payment for six months in advance. This was altogether a most unusual mode of proceeding. It was customary for parents, not children, to come to him to transact this part of the business on their first entering the school; and although it was a rule that they should pay a week before-hand, longer than this was never thought of. But here was a novel state of affairs, and one that he had never to deal with before—a boy came to ask to be taken to school who stood in the light of both parent and purse-keeper to himself!

(To be Continued.)

TEN LITTLE DUCKS.



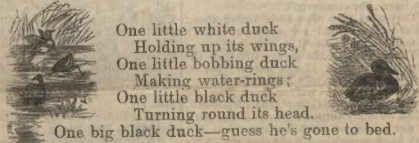
NE little black duck,
One little gray,
Six little white ducks
Running out to play;
One white lady-duck, motherly and trim,
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim.



One little white duck
Running from the water
One very fat duck—
Pretty little daughter;



One very grave duck swimming off alone,
One little white duck standing on a stone.



One little white duck
Holding up its wings,
One little bobbing duck
Making water-rings;
One little black duck
Turning round its head.

One big black duck—guess he's gone to bed.



One little white duck
Walking by its mother,
Look among the water-reeds,
Maybe there's another;
Not another anywhere?
Surely you are blind,
Push away the grass, dear,
Ducks are hard to find.

Bright little brown eyes,
O'er the picture linger;
Point me all the ducks out,
Chubby little finger;
Make the picture musical,
Merry little shout!
Now, where's that other duck?
What is he about?



I think the other duck
Is the nicest duck of all;
He hasn't any feathers,
And his month is sweet and small;
He runs with a light step,
And jumps upon my knee;
And though he cannot swim, he is very dear to me.

One little lady-duck, motherly and trim;
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim;
One lazy black duck taking quite a nap;
One precious duck, here on mamma's lap.

—Our Baby.



The Family Circle.

THE DEAD YEAR.

[This poem, by John Savage, is considered by the editor of "The Irish Poets" the finest production of the kind in the English language.]

Yet another chief is carried
From life's battle on his spears,
To the great Valhalla cloisters
Of the ever-living years.

Yet another year—the mummy
Of a warlike giant, vast,—
Is niched within the pyramid
Of the ever-growing past.

Years roll through the palm of ages,
As the drooping rosy speeds
Through the cold and passive fingers
Of a hermit at his beads.

One year falls and ends its penance,
One arises with its needs,
And 'tis ever thus prays Nature,
Only telling years for beads.

Years, like acorns from the branches
Of the giant oak of Time,
Fill the earth with healthy seedlings
For a future more sublime.

MRS. DIGBY'S BOYS.

"I'm sorry to hear that of my boys, Mr. Verry; but it's my usual luck."

"You asked me for the truth about your boys, ma'am, and I've told it to you. One can't learn; the other won't."

"They must take after their father then; for I'm neither stupid nor obstinate. Can't you make them brighter?"

"Your boys have the same chance as the others, Mrs. Digby. If a lad does not get on in my school, it's entirely his own fault."

Mr. Verry said this with an air of pride; for he was proud of his school and of himself. He had certainly turned out some clever boys, and was a man of much learning; but Mr. Verry knew more about books than men. He taught boys as we teach parrots. He set them tasks, which he expected them to learn; but he did not show them how to learn; so the stupid boys got on very badly. Then, Mr. Verry was far too important a person to know his scholars individually, or to take much trouble to ascertain the differences and degrees in their capabilities and characters.

Mrs. Digby walked back across the fields troubled in mind. She was always in trouble and complaining of her bad luck, though she was much better off than many women of her class. Her husband was earning good wages; and Mrs. Digby had lately inherited a small cottage. Shortly after her arrival she sent Reuben and James to Mr. Verry's school; but had been too busy to visit the schoolmaster until this morning; and now Mrs. Digby was so upset that she did not wait to walk home with her boys as she had intended.

"Reuben," said his mother, during dinner, "I am sorry you are stupid!"

"Am I stupid?" asked the boy, who was small for his age, smaller than his younger brother, and very sensitive.

"Mr. Verry says you are; and he ought to know."

Stupid! Was Reuben stupid? There had been some allusion to the siege of Troy in their lessons that morning; and when the other boys were playing, Reuben sat under a tree with a translation of Homer, lent him by an assistant master, trying to understand all about Agamemnon, Ajax, Hector, Achilles, and other heroes of that period.

"And you, James," said Mrs. Digby,—"a quick-witted lad like you—what's the good of your father paying for your education if you won't learn?"

"I do all I can, mother; but I don't think I'm made for book-learning. I wish you'd let me leave school, and go to sea."

"You shall go to your Uncle Robert's business some day; that is, if you learn while you have the chance."

A great deal of trouble is caused by people not understanding one another; and I think you will see by this time that neither Mr. Verry nor Mrs. Digby understood Reuben and James. The former was far from stupid; but he was delicate, and this afternoon the June sunshine and the close, crowded school-room gave him such a headache that any mental exertion was painful.

Mr. Verry was a great mathematical scholar. As he stood by a large blackboard he set the most difficult problems for the boys to

mentally work out. Reuben, who knows something about grammar, languages, and history, loses his head in a maze of so many figures; James would sooner be out of doors; but he has an active mind as well as an active body, and must be doing something; so he easily works out the sums. As soon as school is over James has forgotten all about Colenso and Euclid; but Reuben's mind is still full of the "Iliad" of Homer.

During the Midsummer examination Mr. Drew, the curate, said, "I'll give a prize for the best original poem."

"Very kind of you," Mr. Verry said, "though I doubt if any of the boys are capable of producing such an article. However, we can try."

The subject was "Home;" the prize, a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost." One boy had some ideas which he could not put into verse; another actually discovered that Rome and home rhymed; only one poem was sent in, however, and that was signed, "Reuben Digby."

"And not at all bad for such a little fellow," said the curate, as he gave Reuben the prize.

When the spring came, Mrs. Digby took the train to Stanford, where Uncle Robert was a prosperous grocer.

"My boys have now left school for good," said Mrs. Digby, "and I hope you'll do as you promised, and take them into your business; I want my boys to get on, so we've given them the best education we could afford."

"Wait a minute," said Uncle Robert, who was as sensible as he was good-tempered. "I never promised to have the lads in my shop, though you have often asked me to do so. But as I have no children of my own, Reuben and James shall come into the business, if they are fit for it."

"It's a clean respectable business. I'm sure they'll do all they can to get on."

"Let them come and stay a few days with me, and then I can see what they're made of."

So Reuben and James went to Stanford, and a most pleasant time they had there. Uncle Robert was fond of young people, and was just like a great boy after business hours. The three played at cricket, fished, rowed, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Uncle Robert noticed two things. Reuben read everything he came across; and James was never happy unless moving about in the open air.

Uncle Robert accompanied the boys home, and said to Mrs. Digby:—

"Neither would do much good in a grocer's shop. One's too studious; the other couldn't stand so many hours indoors. They want a lad at the office of the *Stanford News*, and I'll try and get Reuben the place. As for James, the best thing we can do is to make him a bricklayer and builder."

"Nothing better than that!" said Mrs. Digby.

A bricklayer is often earning his two pounds a week when a clerk or shopman is unable to get employment. People should do the work they are most fit for."

Let us see if Uncle Robert knew what he was talking about.

Five years have passed. Some poems in the *Stanford News* have attracted attention, and a London publisher has offered to print them in a volume. The poet is a young man who works in the office of the newspaper, and who has already written several tales and articles for the *Stanford News*. His name is Reuben Digby.

Mrs. Digby is surprised.

"To think of Reuben turning out so clever," she says, "who was so stupid at school. And there's my James, whom I was so afraid would turn out an idle, reckless young man,—sharp as he is,—actually putting money in the bank, and expects soon to be made a foreman."

Five more years: and now what do we see? Reuben Digby is the editor of the *Stanford News*; he also writes for several London magazines and newspapers.

And a young man takes his wife to a neat little house, built by himself out of his savings; and a board in front of that house tells the world that it belongs to "J. Digby, Builder and Contractor."

Square pegs never do in round holes. All young people—idiots excepted—are adapted for certain lines of business more than others; and parents and guardians should think what boys can do best before starting them in life. Many a good workman has been lost through some fond yet foolish mother wishing to see her son in a genteel business.—*British Workwoman*.

QUEER FOLKS.

BY M. E. COMSTOCK.

Robert's wife never complained. We all wondered at it sometimes, for Robert did not seem to prosper in worldly things. They still lived in the little old brown house. Nobody visited them, for Robert's wife never had

time to go anywhere. She never seemed to care about what was going on in her neighborhood. If she heard of a sick person that hadn't many friends she always found time to go and see them. But she was a very busy woman.

Robert and his wife had lived in the little brown house ten years; their children never played with other children; Mrs. Robert kept no servant; Robert had an office on a good street; he was always well-dressed and, though quiet, usually had a pleasant word for everyone; he did his work at such ridiculously low prices that his profits were only steady instead of being large; he said he charged all it was worth; if he was satisfied he didn't know but other people might be.

Robert's wife had a call one day. A new minister had come to their part of the town. He had heard that the occupants of the brown house were very "queer folks." He was told that perhaps he wouldn't be made welcome there.

The minister did not talk about religion the first time he went to Robert's, but when he came home he told his wife that he wished there were more "queer folks" in the world. He heard no slander or gossip at Robert's, though his hostess was very sociable. He saw the best new publications on the table, and although Mrs. Robert admitted she couldn't go to church very often, because she had to stay at home with the baby and to do the necessary housework, he yet found her very familiar with the church movements of the day and with the latest books worth calling "literature," and he wished his wife to go and see her and draw her into society and church-work. Such a woman was too valuable to be spared.

Mrs. Robert rose very early in the morning, for she did all her own work except the little that aunt Miranda, who lived with her, did, and that wasn't much, for Mrs. Robert wouldn't let her.

"You took care of us when we were children, and now you must let us take care of you," she said. So when Aunt Miranda, who was sixty years old, got out the wash-tubs and went to washing, Robert's wife made her sit down. Miss Miranda Gilson had been in the habit of having her own way all her life and she showed proper resentment by going up-stairs and putting on her silk dress and lace collar and coming down and taking a book and reading till dinner time, when Mrs. Robert put her tubs away and said: "Now, Aunt Miranda, if you will be so kind as to set the dinner table for me, I will be very much obliged to you, for really I am very tired."

This was the way the housework was done in Robert's family.

The lately arrived minister sent a delegation of ladies to call on Mrs. Robert. They came into the broken little porch, pulled the well-worn bell wire, and the rustle of their silks and velvets seemed quite to fill the little parlor. Mrs. Robert entered in her calico, and did not seem at all extinguished. The ladies wanted her to go to church, which she said, receiving the tracts they brought her, she would be happy to do if they would allow her to take the baby, or if they would pay her for embroidery she could do evenings, so that she could pay pew-rent, which she thought was very high in their church, and she admitted an involuntary repugnance to sitting in the seats reserved for the poor.

It was the ladies' turn to be discomfited. They blushed a little and laughed at what they termed her pleasantry.

The more intelligent of the two, who wore a camel's hair shawl, to cover the confusion of the moment took up a foreign magazine from the centre-table and said, "Our Alice wanted to subscribe to this, but we thought it too expensive."

"It is worth the price," said Robert's wife. "I do my own house-work in order to save a servant's wages, waste, and board, and appropriate for periodicals."

The ladies felt nonplussed where they had meant to be patronizing and soon took leave, saying: "I hope we shall see you at church."

"Thank you," said Robert's wife, "When Cousin Katie comes I can leave the baby in her care, occasionally, but I presume I shall slip into a little mission-chapel, near by, where the seats are free and my old bonnet will not be so sharp a contrast as to provoke notice. The last time I went to church I heard it remarked upon as I came out, and I don't wonder; it is shabby, but the money I had laid aside for a new one was all I had to give when the cry for help came from the home missionaries."

And the ladies bowed themselves away remarking when they gained the street: "What a very singular person!" This was a remark very frequently made of Robert's wife. They did not know how to place her. Her surroundings were very commonplace; comparatively mean. Mrs. Robert's manner was simple as a child's. "Yet," said Mrs. Velveten, "I never felt so non-plussed in my life."

A second-hand piano was for sale cheap. The owner was selling out. Robert asked refusal of it a short time. He came from the post office and showed a letter and check to his wife. "Ethel can have the piano," he

said. The little girl had a gift for music. Robert brought it to her; he brought out his violin and accompanied and taught her in leisure hours. Summer evenings the sidewalk would be crowded, listening to the music.

Real estate was low, in consequence of a panic in business circles. A lovely, wide, old rambling house, in fine repair, spacious grounds, was for sale for a mere song. Robert bought it and paid for it down. He said the beauty of the place was an educating influence for his children which he could not spare, even if he had to pay for it his "little all." Neighbors wondered and did not know that quiet literary and scientific labors, in which his wife shared, were beginning, now, to bring in an unexpected income. Robert went on in the same business, charging the same low prices. The girls aided their mother in the housework, and the eldest began soon to give music lessons, her playing having attracted much attention at a charitable concert and brought her solicitations to take pupils.

Mrs. Robert received a great many calls now. Carriages were constantly coming to the door. Her husband had become a leader in literary and musical circles, and Mrs. Robert's quiet deeds of kindness among the needy have been discovered; she was sought for her executive skill as an officer in various benevolent societies, though she frequently said: "I prefer to go as a private friend to those in trouble, rather than as a delegate of an institution. It helps more."

A wealthy family came to town and took an elegant residence in the next block. Mrs. Social came for Robert's wife to call on them. Mrs. Robert had not time.

"I will defer my call then until you are at leisure," said the lady. "Shall I come next week?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Robert. "In fact I am never at leisure, and, to be frank, I have no intention of calling on them."

"May I ask your reasons?"

"I have implied them. They are people I should never have time for unless they were in trouble."

Mrs. Social flushed. "Indeed they went in the first society in Melbourne. They live elegantly and are very polished in manner and have everything that heart can wish, and could aid us very much in benevolent work."

"I am ready to meet them there and co-operate to the fullest extent."

"Not socially?"

"No."

"I believe them to have committed some crime of which you alone know," said the lady pointedly.

Robert's wife was shocked. "Dear friend," she said, "we must select in this world. Life is short. The issues are great. We cannot afford to drift or act indiscriminately. I would not disparage a fellow-creature, but we must have general principles to act upon. If sincere in my calling I imply desire for acquaintance; this I have not. They may be very superior in many things, but these people are not genuine; they spend before they earn; they outlive their income. I know this from those who have lost by them. They are idle; they are consumers rather than producers; they minister to the general good of society in no legitimate way. It is bad economy of interest and neighborliness to cultivate them."

"Are you not severe? Are not their lavish expenditures a general good to society?"

"Not balancing the evil of waste and extravagance, as some of the fundamental principles of political economy will show."

"You might impart your ideas and do them good."

"I am no reformer. Not good soil wherein to propagate my ideas! No; I've too much to do to take care of the beams in my own eye to try to remove 'motes' in general."

That reminds me of the doctor's sermon last Sunday. By the way, who were those people with you at church. You always have some stranger in your pew; are always picking up 'queer fish,' Ed. says."

"Oh, that was Aunt Patty Rhodes and her daughter. They live away out on the turnpike road and never get a chance to church; I had the use of Mrs. Edsell's carriage, yesterday, and I sent out for them. I must own," said Mrs. Robert, with a smile, "I do enjoy making the Master's own feel at home in His house, and I find many who seem to feel no liberty to even seek a sitting there, because they possess neither silver nor gold."

Robert's affairs, as you judge, were improving. They only increased their industries and kept up all the old simplicity of living. There was always a little surplus to take advantage of opportunities.

William Seely, a troubled, perplexed "good fellow" who was fast worrying himself into a dyspepsia, was a privileged acquaintance who frequently dropped in for an evening to listen to music and forget his money embarrassments.

"I don't see how you do it! he said on one occasion, looking around the pleasant home, paid for and full of happy faces. "I don't

Isa Robinson, 4; John P. Millen, 12mo.; Alice A. Milton, 11; Helen M. Davis, 2; Margaret Jane Coffey, 2.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

MARCH 30.] LESSON XIII.
REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Serve the Lord with gladness."—Psalm 100: 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Lord's service is a happy service.

PLANS FOR A REVIEW.

One difficulty in the way of a successful review is removed, when a good plan adapted to teacher and scholar has been found. The past twelve lessons may be reviewed in a number of different ways, as: (1.) Building the Temple; (2.) Worshipping in the Temple; or, (1.) The Temple of the People, Lessons 1-8; (2.) The people praising God, Lessons 7-12; or again, grouping the lessons into three divisions: (1.) The work of the Lord, Lessons 1-4; (2.) The way of the Lord, Lessons 5-8; (3.) The worship of the Lord, Lessons 9-12. Or, fourthly, there are four lessons on The Re-building of the Temple and City; four in respect to The Laws of God; and four in regard to The Power and Grace of God. Or, fifthly, the Review may be conducted without regard to a division by lessons, as: (1.) The Prophets; (2.) The Persons; (3.) The Places; (4.) The Nations; (5.) The Facts of the Lessons.

The Prophets.

HAGGAI,
ZECHARIAH,
NEHEMIAH,
ESRA.

The Persons.

JESHUA, ZERUBBABEL,
CYRUS, KADMIEL,
DARIUS, ARTAXERXES
HANBALLAT, TOBIAH,
ASAPH.

The Places.

JERUSALEM, ZIDON,
TYRE, LEBANON,
JOPPA, PERNIA,
ZION, BACA.

The Nations.

ISRAEL, JUDAH,
ARABIAN, AMMONITES,
ASHDODITE, ARNETHA.

This plan will be suitable for calling to mind a large portion of the historical lessons, and by bringing out the principal facts, the review would be quite complete.

I. THE WORK OF THE LORD.—Give the title of each of the first four lessons. The Golden Text. The Central Truth. State the facts in regard to—

Rebuilding the Temple. The Dedication of it.
The work of Nehemiah. The Opposition to his work.
Give a practical truth to be learned from each lesson.

II. THE WAYS OF THE LORD.—Relate three things Esra did in connection with reading the law. State five things which Nehemiah did to secure proper observance of the Sabbath. Give the chief illustrations used to contrast the righteous with the wicked in Psalm 1. State some of the principal things which the King in Zion would receive. Give eight practical lessons taught us by these facts.

III. THE WORSHIP OF THE LORD.—State eight things a penitent sinner will ask God for. Name three things which the Psalmist confesses in Psalm 51. State what he promised to do if the Lord heard him. Relate some points of contrast between a sinner alarmed and a sinner forgiven. State some of the things a forgiven person will wish to do for the Lord. Recall two illustrations of how a believer longs to be in God's house. State three classes of people that are called happy. Two things to which God is likened in Ps. 84. Give the chief facts describing the knowledge of God, as in Ps. 139. Which facts prove that he sees everything? Which show that he is everywhere? State five practical lessons taught us by these facts.

GENERAL QUESTIONS.—How many lessons relate to the rebuilding of the city and Temple? Which to the reading of the Law? Which refers to the way of the righteous? Which to the keeping of the Sabbath? Which to forgiveness? Which to worship in God's house? Which to God's power to see all things? How many lessons are from the Psalms? How many from Esra? From Nehemiah? Which lesson is a confession of sin?

WORKAYS OF THE LORD.

LESSON XIV.

APRIL 6.]
SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.—Job 33: 14-30. (About 1520 (B. C.))

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 23-26.

- 14 For God speaketh once, yea, twice,
Yet man perceiveth it not.
- 15 In a dream, in a vision of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings
upon the bed;
- 16 Then he openeth the ears of men,
And sealeth their instruction.
- 17 That he may withdraw man from his purpose,
And hide pride from man.
- 18 He keepeth back his soul from the pit,
And his life from perishing by the sword.
- 19 He is chastened also with pain upon his bed,
And the multitude of his bones with strong pain:
- 20 So that his life abhorreth bread,
And his soul disdaineth meat.
- 21 His flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen;
And his bones that were not seen stick out.
- 22 Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave,
And his life to the destroyers.
- 23 If there be a messenger with him,
An interpreter, one among a thousand,

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Que.

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For four months,
Yours truly.

- To shew unto man his uprightness:
- 24 Then he is gracious unto him, and saith,
Deliver him from going down to the pit:
I have found a ransom.
 - 25 His flesh shall be fresher than a child's:
He shall return to the days of his youth:
 - 26 He shall pray unto God, and he will be favorable
unto him:
 - 27 And he shall see his face with joy:
For he will tender unto man his righteousness.
 - 28 He tooketh upon man, and if any say
I have sinned, and perverted that which was right,
And I profited me not:
 - 29 He will deliver his soul from going into the pit,
And his life shall see the light.
 - 30 Lo, all these things
Worketh God oftentimes with man,
To bring back his soul from the pit,
To be enlightened with the light of the living.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My son despise not thou the chastening of
the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of
Him.—Heb. 12: 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God calls to repentance by discipline.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Job was afflicted of Satan, by permission of the Lord. Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar thought his affliction came because of some great sin, and urged him to repent. He denied their charges. Elihu, a young friend of Job, justifies the providence of God, and declares the purpose of affliction.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that the Book of Job lives the real between this and the other world. It gives us a glimpse of the mercy and the providence of God in dealing with his saints and teaches the great lesson of submission to God's will.

NOTES.—The Book of Job, an historical, dramatic poem, probably the oldest in the world; written perhaps in the time of Abraham, or before the exodus from Egypt, though some place it after the age of Solomon. Job—sewer, a rich and powerful man or prince of "the sons of the East" in Uz, and living in the Arabian desert, between Syria and the Euphrates. He had seven sons and three daughters before his trials, and as many after them, and twice as large possessions. He lived 140 years after his affliction; the Septuagint says he was seventy years old when his trial came upon him. E-LI-HU—he my God, a young friend of Job, and a Basile, probably therefore a descendant of Nuhor, and remotely related to Abraham.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPIC.—A CALL TO REPENTANCE. (I.) BY VISIONS. (II.) BY AFFLICTIONS. (III.) BY MERCIES.

I. BY VISIONS. (14.) ONCE, YEA TWICE, often, repeatedly; PHREASYTH IT NOT, does not heed it. (15.) DREAM . . . VISION, see Gen. 20: 3; SLEEPING, posture phrase for light sleep. (16.) OPENETH, makes man hear; SEALETH INSTRUCTION, makes it sure, as a seal does a contract. (17.) PURPOSE, or evil work; SINNETH, destroy, or put it away. (18.) PIT, or "place of corruption," the grave.

II. BY AFFLICTIONS. (19.) PAIN UPON HIS BED, long sickness; STRONG PAIN, severe suffering. (20.) ABHORRETH BREAD, sick men cannot eat; DAINY MEAT, or "delicate food." (21.) CONSUMED, with pain and fever. (22.) DESTROYERS, death represented as destroying angels.

III. BY MERCIES. (23.) INTERPRETER, one to explain God's ways; ONE . . . THOUSAND, a remarkable, or rare, person; HIS UPRIGHTNESS, not man's, but God's. (24.) RANSOM, or "atonement." (25.) THAN A CHILD'S, or "than in childhood." RETURN, be restored to the purity and vigor of youth. (26.) WILL RENDER, or restore. (27.) PERVERTED, turned away. (30.) BRING BACK, keep back.

Which verses in this lesson show—

1. That God is gracious?
2. The purpose of affliction?
3. The conditions of deliverance and restoration?
4. That confession of sin is required?

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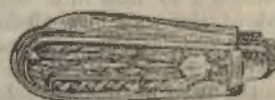
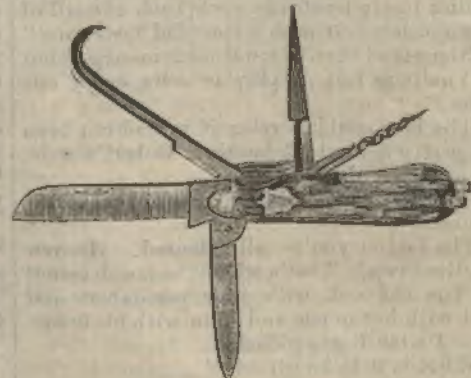
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